

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

VOL. 85.—No. 11.] LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1834. [Price 1s. 2d.



BEFORE the *Register* reaches the press, I shall suppose that I am in Ireland, whither I shall go entirely alone, determined to show that I want no protection, assistance, or counsel, notwithstanding I am going amongst those whom I, before I quitted my home, called the "wild Irish." It is high time that my more immediate countrymen should be wholly disabused in this respect. I have laboured with great zeal, industry, and energy, in order to disabuse them. It was, indeed, considering my capacity for the task, no more than my duty to do this. To God, who gave me that capacity I was always answerable for the performance of this duty; but now, when a most excellent portion of those whom I have disabused, have clothed me with the power of taking part in the making of laws to govern this long-oppressed and calumniated people, it is tenfold more my duty, in spite of all the obstacles which I may have to encounter, to obtain that certain information with regard to this people, without which, I must, at best, be proceeding upon hearsay. These expressions of feeling for Ireland, I would not now put upon paper, if I had not been putting them upon paper, and in stronger terms and epithets, during the whole course of the last seven-and-twenty years.

[Printed by W. Cobbett, Johnson's-court.]

During my absence, my correspondents, on whatever matters, will be so indulgent as to excuse my not answering their letters, at least, by any thing approaching to a return of post answer. It will be necessary that the letters follow me; and that they may follow me, with a cover added to them by the gentleman who was to forward them from London, the weight of them should be a good deal less than an ounce. It would be attended with the greatest inconvenience that I, being at such a distance, should make any arrangement which might make the answer depend upon any other person than myself. I must beg gentlemen who may have occasion to write to me, always to direct their letters to *Bolt-court*. Seeing me date articles in the *Register* from other places, they may possibly think that, to direct to those places is the speediest way of causing the letters to reach me. This they would find to be a mistake: the letter would get sent about the country; and, therefore, I request that all letters for me may be addressed to *Bolt-court*, where they will be punctually received, and whence they will be carefully forwarded to me.

It may happen that some gentlemen may wish to see my crop of corn at the farm; or to see some other thing belonging to my rural management. They will find the farm in the care of Mr. JOHN DEAN, who will be ready, at all reasonable times, to show them, or tell them, any thing and every thing about it. According to present appearances he will be harvesting the corn about the middle of October; and any of those gentlemen who have requested of

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me to be permitted to go and see it, will do well, perhaps, if they continue in the same mind, to go about that time. One thing they will not see there, nor in any part of the neighbourhood round about; namely, *labourers living upon potatoes and salt*; and that no accursed Scotch quack; no barren rig of a woman, who sucks up taxes by writing against those who pay the most of them; this is a thing that none of these devils will ever see in the county of Surrey, and especially in the tithing of Normandy.

NORMANDY FARM is five miles from GUILDFORD, six miles from FARNHAM, seven miles from GODALMING, across the Hog's-Back; eight miles from BAGSHOT; thirteen miles from CHERTSEY; and, on every one of these roads, you go over commons and greens, and through a region of cottages, not one inhabitant of which is there who would not perish rather than be reduced to potatoes and salt.

N.B. An Irish gentleman who left some French books on agriculture for me to read, is informed that the books are at BOLT-COURT, where they are ready to be delivered to him; that I have not had time to look into but one of them; that I am as much obliged to him as if I had had time to profit from his goodness; that it is great good luck that restores to him his books; and that, if he will be advised by me, he will never again lend me a book which he is not prepared to take leave of forever; not that this is proper, and not that I like that it should be so; but that it is completely impossible that it should be otherwise.

TO
LORD GREY.

Normandy Farm, 28. August, 1834.

MY LORD,

I WAS in hopes that I should not so soon have had to count the *eleventh Prime Minister*, who have figured on the stage since I have been a spectator of their at once stupid and mischievous acting. The time of your strutting in buskins, not with a dagger of lath, faith; but with a real sharp instrument: your time of strutting has, however, I thank God! been short, though full of mischievous measures; full of hostility to the best rights and interests of the people; marked at once by extreme imbecility, and by arrogance extreme. There have, I perceive, been found creatures in Northumberland so silly, or so base, or both, as to present to you addresses, expressive of approbation of your conduct as Minister. This address of mine will be of a very different description. When the savage sentence was passed on me in 1810, you expressed your pleasure. Since you have been in power, you have endeavoured to give me a second chapter, on a similar subject. You are now a fallen Minister, and I am what I always have been. You deserve no sparing at my hands, even on my own account: that, however, would not have induced me to take the trouble of writing this letter. It is what the working people have suffered under your sway; it is their wrongs, and not my own, that fill me with resentment against you; and that induce me now to exhibit your ministerial career in its true light to the world. I had rubbed out the old scores; I had done justice upon you and your associates, as far as related to myself; and the account was squared up to the month of August 1831; and I have nothing to complain of with regard to myself; but a great deal to complain of with regard to the people of England, and especially the working people, to defend whom against powerful wrong-doers, is my very first and most sacred duty.

First of all let me remark upon your

pretence of old age and infirmities. "Old age"! Why, I am as old as you; and have done more work in every year of my life since I was ten years old, than you have ever done in your whole life-time. Old age, indeed! why, I am just upon the eve of setting off to make the tour of fertile and unhappy Ireland; and perhaps that and the north of Scotland, too, to which I did not go before; and, it is possible, and not altogether improbable, that, if you creep to the roadside in the first or second week of November, you may see me brushing along by the "*boothies*" in the neighbourhood of your home, and hear me swearing that I will perish rather than see the labourers of Sussex and Surrey and Kent brought to the state of those of the border. "Old age," forsooth! You are not much older now than you were when you became Minister. There is, indeed, all the difference in the world between a sheep or an ox that is four years older than another sheep or ox; but, then these have got their full growth; the sheep is full-mouthed at five years old, and after that begins to lose his teeth; and it is pretty much the same with the ox: but it is not so with man; four years out of seventy are not what four years are out of five. But, after all, the strange thing is that you should become so old and so feeble, in so short a space of time. When you became Minister you were all "*vigour*." In your very first speech there was "*vigour, vigour, vigour*" at every turn. You began your career by a vigorous augmentation of the number of bayonets. That was your first specimen of vigour. Your next vigorous step was your special commissions, the history of which is written in the hearts of three or four hundred husbandless wives, and three times the number of fatherless children. In short, you were all "*vigour*"; all "*vindication of the law*"; one instance of which latter was the prosecution of me by that DENMAN who has now been made a lord. Curious enough that you should be all vigour, until your relations and dependents were provided for, and that then you should become, all at once, so old and so feeble!

However, old or young, strong or feeble, I thank the Lord God that you are no longer Minister: and I thank the King that he has graciously given you time now, in your old age, to reflect on the acts of your administration; to reflect on the case of poor COOK of MICHELDEVER; to reflect on all the circumstances attending the affair of THOMAS GOODMAN; to reflect on the state of the husbandless wives and fatherless children in Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire; to reflect on the case of the Dorsetshire labourers; to enjoy for the rest of your life the sight of the "*boothie*" and "*burgoo*" system; to study the *feelosophy* of the north; while we, here in the south, bless God Almighty that we shall never see or hear more of you or your "*vigour*."

Your *disinterestedness* formed a subject of your speeches at the close. Now, as to this matter, I thought perfectly natural, and not at all unjust towards the people, that you should place your son in office, he being a person of industry, talent, and integrity, as I dare say he is. I thought it by no means improper that your brother should be made a dean; there was still less impropriety in Mr. ELLICE being placed in office, being a person every way fit for it; but, when the brother became a bishop so speedily; when a brother-in-law also became a bishop, and when your two sons were promoted in the navy over the heads of so many thousands of officers, a great part of whom were at sea before your sons were born, we might, at any rate, have been spared the boast of *disinterestedness*.

Upon this subject your speech in the House of Lords, in which you gave up the ghost, contained, as it was reported in the newspapers, a passage enough to make one sick. You are reported to have said, that the King, *of his own accord, and without being at all solicited, or even getting a hint*, gave your brother his bishoprick. Why, now, Lord GREY, do you really believe that a story like this will be swallowed by this people? Their swallows are very

large, to be sure: their throats are wide enough almost to take down a coach and six; but this is a Highland mountain, Scotch firs and larches and all. Why, then, it was, of course, the King who insisted upon having your two heads at the heads of so many officers in the army. It is a story, and one that you must have come from the lips of your lordship if from any man upon the face of the earth. It was such a strange thing, too, for a Minister to say. Why, is not the doctrine of the constitution this: that the King does nothing of a public nature without the advice of his Minister, and that the Minister is answerable for the act? If one could suppose such a thing as that the King should have chosen to send to Hereford a *conge d'elire*; that is to say, a *leave to elect*; that is to say, an order to elect a shoeblick, or a chimney-sweep, to be bishop of the diocese; if one could suppose such a thing, would the King be answerable for such an insult to the nation and to religion? No; but you would have been answerable for it, if it had been done in your time: you would have been the person responsible: so you were in the case of your brother, to be sure: and besides all this, there is hardly a man in the whole country who believes that the King would have done it of his own accord, and from his own private feeling.

Next comes your administration with regard to the press, which has been far more hostile, more severe, more destructive to the liberty of the press than that of any administration of four times the duration, since the time of ELLENBOROUGH and GIBBS and PERCEVAL. Your taxing officers have had three or four hundred men put into jail in a year for selling papers unstamped. This was to "*vindicate the law*." What law? Why a law, which you, and your whole party, particularly BROUGHAM and Lord ALTHORP, opposed with all your might. You called it unconstitutional; you called it tyrannical; you divided against it again and again; and, not only have you suffered it to remain in full force, but you did what your Tory

predecessors had not done: you have put it into execution to the very letter, and with the utmost vigour, calling yourselves all the while, a reforming and liberal Ministry.

This law, which you *vindicated* so *vigorously*, and which you had opposed with equal vigour, as being unconstitutional, is one of the Acts which have expired of their own force. The four worst remain in full force. The act under which all these writers and publishers have been crammed into jail, was passed along with the rest of the famous Six Acts, in the extraordinary session of the year 1819, about six months after the passing of PEEL'S Bill, and about five months after the MANCHESTER slaughter, and just about the time that the clerical magistrate, Parson HAY, was preferred to the great living of ROCHDALE, in addition to his living in Yorkshire. This act, Mr. HUME has always called "*COBBETT'S Act*," it being manifestly, and almost avowedly, an invention for the purpose of extinguishing my *Register*. This act forbids the publication of any paper, containing news, or intelligence, or political discussions, oftener than *once a month*, if it be in numbers, or in a series of any sort. Once a month was not often enough for me. But the act graciously allowed a publication once a week, or oftener, provided the publication contained *two sheets and a quarter of paper, each sheet being twenty-one inches long, and seventeen and a half inches wide*, and not containing any advertisements. There was another condition; namely, that *if the thing had not a stamp it should not be sold for less than sixpence*. Before this act was passed men might publish at any time, at any price, on any subject, and in numbers, and without a stamp. The only disadvantage of such unstamped paper was, *that it could not go free of postage*.

The Tories seeing that this act did not succeed in its object; that is to say, that the *Register* lived and thrived in spite of it, very sensibly suffered it to remain a dead letter; but, the liberty-

loving Whigs, who had put on the semblance of opposition, tooth and nail, to this act, not only suffered it to remain in full force; but such was their desire to "*vindicate the law*," that they availed themselves of this very act to cram the jails full of those who were endeavouring to oppose them; not by *open trial by jury* did you proceed, but by your taxing men at Somerset-house, and by your police-magistrates, who punished without any trial by jury. In one instance, indeed, the case was suffered to come before a jury, in the case of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, published by Mr. HETHERINGTON in the Strand. The jury decided that the sale of the publication was legal, and they acquitted the defendant; though, I believe, nearly five hundred men had been put into jail by the magistrates, when their only crime was the vending of this publication! And yet you have been a mild Minister! You talk of your good intentions! You talk of your love of liberty, and your anxiety for the happiness of the people. In the case of Mr. CLEAVE, editor and proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, your Attorney-General pursued him in the Exchequer, while he was suffering in jail, committed by the magistrates for the same offence.

Your conduct with regard to this act of Parliament fully verifies the truth of that which was deemed a monstrous slander when I uttered it; namely, that you, and your faction, when opposing these acts, *wished them to be passed*; aye, and would not have opposed them, if you thought that your opposition would have been successful! This was deemed a monstrous slander in me. It was said, that the devil himself would not have had the heart to impute such base hypocrisy to any part of mankind; but the thing is now as much like a fact as any thing that I ever saw in my life: for, here are you in the plenitude of power for four years; here are you, able to get your brother and brother-in-law made bishops; able to toss your two sons over the heads of thousands of men; able to tumble down ten bishops in Ireland; able to lay a tax of

eight hundred thousand a year in perpetuity upon this nation, as the interest of a sum to be given to the West India estate-owners, or mortgagees: here were you able to issue special commissions, that plunged whole counties into mourning; here were you able to make a parliamentary reform, which, at any rate, extinguished a hundred or two of rotten boroughs; and though, as I shall by-and-bye show, you could not have remained in place a week, without doing it, you were able to do it; but you were not able to repeal "*Cobbett's Act*," though it had failed of its real object; but on the contrary, published it up anew, sharpened its edge, and set it to work. When the Whigs came into power, in 1783 or 1784, before they were supplanted by PITT, they found two booksellers, WALKER and somebody else of PATERNOSTER-ROW, who had been their partisans: they found these two men, who had run so many risks for them, not in jail, but on the road to jail, fine, and pillory; they found them under a state of conviction, and waiting for the day of judgment; that is to say, for the arrival of the term when they were to be brought up to receive sentence. These two men, who were very considerable booksellers, and very respectable and worthy persons, having no fault that I ever heard of, except that of *confiding* in the sincerity of Whigs; these two men, who had been prosecuted for a publication, coming from the pen of one of the Whig party, and he a distinguished man, too, hailed the change of Ministry as their sure deliverance from ruin and disgrace. But, though the Whig Attorney-General would certainly not call them up for judgment, they thought it prudent, as Ministers were not immortal, to have a *nolli prosequi* entered against their names. To this end they applied to Fox, they applied to Sheridan, they applied to all the great men of the *sincere* faction, who (let the world hear it) suffered their names to remain, refusing to obtain the *nolli prosequi*, though they were all powerful at the time, and suffered RAYDON, the new Attorney-General, to find



them in the list of persons to be brought up for judgment!

However, so long a time had now passed, that, though the fear of ruin might now and then come athwart their dreams, they could not believe it possible that the new Ministry, with liberty-loving PITT at the head of it, would ever think of raking up so old a matter. KENYON, however, put on his spectacles, and tracing down the list with his finger, coming to the names of WALKER and Co., PATERNOSTER-ROW, booksellers, "Ha, ha!" said he, and holding his left-hand finger upon the paper, with his right hand caught up the pen, and made a scratch, which not only sent these two men into jail, and extorted the fine from them, but actually clapped them in the pillory. Alas! my lord, the Whigs have always been the same, from the days of old BURNET to the present hour.

Another instance of Whig fidelity; of the fidelity of the Whigs to their friends and supporters, and which comes within the public life of your lordship, I will now relate as my hand is in. Many of my readers will recollect, that one of the great questions upon which the Foxites fought the Pittites, after PITT came into power, was the question about the old Duke of RICHMOND, as Master-General of the Ordnance, whom they accused of wasting the public money in fortifications, or pretended fortifications to the dock-yards; and they finally did triumph over the duke, and gained great popularity by the triumph. They owed this triumph entirely to a Major GLENNIE, at that time the most skilful officer in the corps of Engineers; but who had the misfortune to be gulled into a support of the Whigs. They knew nothing about fortifications, any more than any forty or fifty of the geese upon the common. I do not know that it is to be imputed as a fault to the Duke of RICHMOND, that he sent GLENNIE to grass, where the pasture was very moderate. He went to settle in the province of New Brunswick, where I used to see him as a member of the assembly of the province. While I was in Newgate, I was, one

day, writing one of my essays so complimentary to your faction, when the keeper introduced Major GLENNIE, who told me that which I have related with regard to him, and who told me besides, this horrible story; namely, that, at the time when the Duke of RICHMOND sent him to grass, and upon pasture like Bagsbot Heath, FOX, SHERIDAN, and, in short, the whole faction, advised him to remain quiet; not to make a stir; for that he might mar, in some sort, that which they had so completely accomplished; and that he might be assured that, *if ever they came into power*, he should be amply rewarded for his great services to the party, both in honours and pecuniary means. Poor GLENNIE, who had more faith in him than Scotchmen generally have, or than any body ought to have in any faction whatever, having waited twenty long years to see them in place, saw the happy hour arrive in the year 1806. Straight hastened he to WHITEHALL, his only fear being that he should be smothered in their embraces, and loaded, in his old age, with honours and emoluments too much for him to bear. This fear was soon removed; for he heard from the lips of that FOX and that SHERIDAN, that, either to promote him, or reinstate him, or give him pecuniary compensation for his losses, "they" could not think of proposing to my "Lord GRENVILLE," who was the colleague of the Duke of RICHMOND at the time when GLENNIE had furnished the means of annoying the Minister and turning out the duke. Now, to be sure, though your lordship was in place, at the time when Major GLENNIE got this answer; at the time when all sorts of assistance was refused him, he being in a state to require such assistance, you had not, like FOX and SHERIDAN, been a party to the promises made to Major GLENNIE; nor do I know that the case was laid before your lordship; but the thing sticks itself on the faction; it is an instance that marks the character of that faction, whose great characteristics, as I told you in the Court of King's Bench, *perfidy*, associated with the blackest ingratitude. What

was, in this respect, the course of your Ministry? An abandonment of your best and sincerest friends, and a caressing of your bitterest enemies. STURGES BOURNE surrendered his seat, because he would not support you; and you immediately put him into the special commission at WINCHESTER, and made him one of the poor-law commissioners. FRANKLAND LEWIS, who has constantly opposed your Ministry, is now put at the head of the poor-law commission. Here are only a couple of instances out of a couple of thousand that might be produced; and this is one of the great causes of your fall; and of that fall exciting not the smallest feeling of compassion in any sensible and just man. You take care of yourself, take care of your own numerous family and connexions; but leave your partisans to pasture on BAGSHOT Heath; and this, too, under the shameful pretence, that you are guided by impartiality and disinterestedness.

To return to the Six Acts and the press, from a digression which I am sure the reader will not think impertinent: has not your conduct now proved, I say *proved*, that your opposition to this greatest of all the inroads upon the press, was *insincere*, to give it the mildest of epithets? Does not your conduct *prove*, that you must have wished for this reprobated act to pass, even at the time when you were opposing it? At any rate, one of two things must be: either your opposition to the act was destitute of principle, or of sense, or the opposition was insincere; for you became Minister; you became possessor of the power of doing away with the act, and you suffer it not only to remain on the Statute Book, but you give to it every force that it is capable of receiving in the way of execution; and that, too, in the most underhand, indirect, and cunning manner; keeping your Attorney-General out of sight, and doing the deed at the same time. I will not for good manners' sake, say that you were either *fool* or *hypocrite*, when you opposed this act; but again I say, one of two things *must* be; your opposition was destitute either of principle or of sense;

or your retention and enforcement of the act, must be ascribed to qualities of the head and the heart, a description of which I need not take the trouble to put upon paper, it being impossible that it will not suggest itself to the mind of every sensible man in the kingdom.

Your last act was truly characteristic of your whole career; I mean your praises of the poor-law project, and your volunteer offer to move its second reading, which was so admirably sneered at by him who has been your real swamper. There was something in this last act of yours, of which, upon my soul, I have too much mercy to speak of in terms in which it ought to be spoken of; and, therefore, I will only say of it, that, in all the tame acts of all the tame men, of whose conduct I have ever been an observer, this was the very tamest, and the very lowest. About that act I shall say nothing more to you, having, as to that disease, another noble patient under my hands, the benefit of whose treatment will, I trust, be extended to those of his whole order, who may be similarly afflicted.

But, will I allow you *no merit* as a Minister? Faith! not one particle: not one particle of merit. You have repealed not one bad act, and you have passed not one good one; and a great number that I think very bad. To be sure, there have been some repeal of taxes; but these are not sufficient to be felt sensibly by the country, while the encroachments on the rights and liberties of the people have been greater, and far greater, than during any twenty years previous to your coming into power. But have not you *given us the Reform Bill*? You *give* us the Reform Bill! You *GIVE*! We took it, if you please; and you held back as much as you dared venture to hold back.

In the first place, you could not have kept your place for a week, if you had not pledged yourself to a reform of the Commons House of Parliament; and, what is more, that pledge would not have got you into power, had not the Duke of WELLINGTON (for what reason God only knows!) volunteered that declaration, which made him so odious in

the country, and without which he might have remained in his place, the people always hoping, even I (the last to have hope in such a case) hoping, that a good worrying would, at last, make him tack shortly about, as he did in the case of Catholic Emancipation, and do the thing at once, and effectually; and until he actually made that declaration which shut out all hope, I had more reliance on the Tories than I had on the Whigs; because, if the former did it, there would be no shuffling; no deceit; no perfidy; no pretending to give, and withhold, at the same time: and, God have mercy upon this people! what shuffling, what complexity of trickery, what a showing of the gingerbread, and then drawing it back, have this people had to behold, during the last four years! what projects of reform, and what real aggravation of abuses!

Thus, then, no merit had you in entering upon the subject of reform. You had abandoned the cause of reform several years before: the reform was forced upon you, or you were forced to keep out of place; reform and Downing-street; or no reform and the "*boothies*" and the "*burgoo*"; this was your choice, and you chose the former. And, having entered on the subject of reform, did you not give as little as you possibly could; and were you not prepared to give less; were you not prepared to confine the suffrage to twenty pounds instead of ten, when the detection took place, at the time when the *Pis-aller PARKES* was carrying his whispers about? Nothing was ever more clearly proved than the fact, that you were prepared to *assent* to the raising of the suffrage to twenty pounds, when the remonstrances of the great towns in the north scared away the project. A twenty-pounds suffrage would have made the House of Commons infinitely worse than it was before, scarcely any man would have had a vote, except the immediate dependents of the aristocracy, and the tax-devourers of various descriptions. That this was your intention is beyond all doubt. Whatever fools may do, I take the will for the deed, and deny you any

merit at all, on the score of the Reform Bill.

And now, my lord, in what plight do you leave the country, over which you have been ruling for pretty nearly four years? You leave it more heavily burdened with debt than you found it; you leave Ireland with a Coercion Bill, which was not thought necessary when you came into power; you leave men's minds totally unhinged with regard to the municipal governments of the country, and, which is of much greater importance, with regard to the fate of the established church. It is your Ministry which has, for the first time, ventured to put forth those opinions relative to the revenues of the church, which must inevitably lead even the labouring people to inquire into the origin of property; you have passed an Act, which totally abrogates a great branch of the ancient constitution of the country; your colleague, BROUGHAM, and you by fair implication, have appealed to the law of nature from the law of the land, and also from the law of God; you have set the working people to discuss the question of *who ought to have the land*. Instead of bringing us back from the point to which we had been misled by the boroughmonger Parliaments, you have hurried us along into additional innovations; like JACK, in the "*TALE OF A TUB*," instead of carefully selecting the abuses and removing them, you have been engaged in tearing the garment to pieces; so that at this moment you have brought us by what you sillily call following the "*spirit of the age*"; a phrase so foppish and so foolish that, after hearing it, one wonders at nothing that comes from the lips of the same man: by pursuing this jack-o'-lantern, which you call the "*spirit of the age*," and by dragging us along after you, not a man of us knows what is going to take place; and in the minds of all ranks the word *property* becomes to be a subject for examination as to its true meaning; which, of all things in this world, is the most menacing to the peace of a community, and the stability of a government. You complained of the difficulties with which you were sur-

rounded, and who was it that made the difficulties? You yourself made the difficulties. The people wanted a parliamentary reform, but they did not want one that would throw the voting into the hands of the monied-aristocracy, the sister-services, the pensioners, the sinecure-people, the tithe-eaters, and all the swarms that live out of the labour of a people. They wanted a House of Commons that would take off their burdens: you gave them one, a majority of which were interested in keeping the burdens on.

And such as the House was, and is, you have proposed to it nothing that did not add to the difficulties; and when the House had determined on a motion of real relief to the people, you got it to rescind its determination. What the people wanted was, not a parcel of new projects, brought forth under the stupid, the silly, the foppish, the childish, the coffee-house-club, pretence of following "*the spirit of the age*"; stuff that is talked of by nobody but a set of creatures too imbecile to understand any thing at all about the interests of the nation; and the bare making use of such a phrase marked you out as unfit for any public trust whatsoever. The people did not want a reform for the sake of making scores of innovations without doing any thing to relieve them. Above all things, they did not want a reform for the purpose of having a Poor-law Bill passed, hatched amongst the "*boothies*," and having for its main objects the giving of proxy-votes in vestries to the landowners, in order to make the people live upon a coarser sort of food. The people did not want a reform for this; and this you created yourself: this difficulty was of your own making: you were the Prime Minister when it was hatched; you advised the measure; you, as your last effort, at your very yielding of the ghost, expressed your anxiety to have this measure carried. And this will prove to be the great difficulty, as it is indeed already; and this was acting up to "*the spirit of the age*," was it? It was the "*spirit of the age*" that called upon you to cause the people to live upon a

"*coarser sort of food*." It was that *spirit* that suggested to you a couple of great workhouses for each county; it was that *spirit* that suggested to you the workhouse dresses of BINGHAM, and the separating of man and wife, and parents from children, only because they were poor and destitute! Fine "*spirit of the age*"!

But, in what a state have you left the fiscal affairs of the country, and the pecuniary affairs of private men! Were you not warned more than a year ago, of the consequences of the proceedings of the American President? Did not this *Register* tell you, that it would take away our gold, and produce consequences of which no man could foresee the result? You did not read the *Register*, did you? Then you were guilty of neglect of your duty; better you had read it than spend your time in drawling over the stupid and lying reports of your Poor-law Commissioners. Better to have read it, than to have bothered your brains with the Scotch feelosophy, and in hunting about after proofs of the good of education. Better to have read it, than to have been poking about amongst the senseless gabble of the French *doctrinaires*. In short, it was your duty to read it; and if you did read it, then you set it at nought, and you wilfully brought on the present state of things; when all men are at a loss to know what is to happen; whether "*the spirit of the age*" will bring us one-pound notes again, and two prices in the market; or whether we be to go on in our present course, till the bayonet-men be sent to conduct troops of farmers into your poor-houses. One or the other, or something worse than both, must be: you had the power in preventing either from coming; but "*the spirit of the age*" would not suffer you to use that power in that sort of way. Let this always be remembered of you, that you had the power completely in your hands; and you have so exercised it as to bring on a crisis which creates general and just discontent, and which must lead to troubles which would not have existed had it not been for your series of measures.

Your proceedings with regard to the church, have been the worst that could possibly be adopted by the stupidest of all mankind. You have done enough to shake her to her very foundation, without doing any thing to satisfy the people with regard to her. You have agitated just enough to make the common people see that there is law for taking away the revenues altogether; just enough to convince them of this; and then you have adopted no measure for taking them away. You have made the church a thousand times as hateful as she was before, declaring your attachment to her, and your resolution to uphold her at the same time.

You have done just enough about corporations to throw odium upon them; but not one step has "*the spirit of the age*" induced you to go in the correction of any one real corporate abuse; and there is the great corporation of London, *addressing* you, I believe; and going on with all its old abuses, so oppressive to the people, and so detestable in the eyes of justice and of good government.

You complain that the House of Commons has wasted its time on *trifling matters*; and whose fault has that been? Has not your Ministry been the encourager of cant of every description? Has it not appointed committees on drunkenness, which there were laws already sufficient to punish? Has it not fostered the cant about the Sabbath, and suffered days and nights to be spent in talk about it, when they might have silenced the talk at once? Has it not got a committee on "*heddekashun*," agreeably to "*the spirit of the age*," while it has hundreds of men in jail for selling cheap things for the people to read? It is this Ministry that has been the trifier, and not the House of Commons. If your Ministry had done its duty, it would have proposed changes, if changes were to be made, *one at a time*, and would have had a decision upon that one, before it had gone to another, instead of which here we have jumbled before us, at one and the same moment, church-reform for Ireland, change in the tithe-laws for Eng-

land, corporation reform, common-law reform, dropping in bit-by-bit, county courts reform, poor-law *reform*, negro reform: in short, hardly a man of us knew what there was actually laid before us; and thus the precious time has been wasted during two sessions, until a sort of mongrel-legal-tender project has now come into operation just at the time when the gold is being drained away to every part of the world: and this is the state in which you leave the country, after having had the control over it for four years.

With regard to the House of Commons, without alluding to any distinction about parties, there are men enough in it to do what is right, and what ought to be done, and quite disposed to do it, *if they knew what it was*. But, have you ever laid before us any plain, any intelligent, any frank, any rational, statement of the nature and extent of those "*difficulties*," of which you have so pathetically complained? Never; and we have now to hunt about to find them; or, if any of us happen to know them, no thanks to you. We should have had submitted to us the nature and extent of those difficulties: we ought to have had the remedies suggested to us one by one; or, if any of us suggested remedies, you ought to have heard them with attention, and suffered them fairly to have been brought forward and discussed, and settled one way or another; instead of which, you have furnished us with no statement; you have furnished us with no remedy; and when remedies have been suggested by individual members, what has been their treatment by your Ministry and your supporters? Look, for instance, at the treatment of Mr. THOMAS ATTWOOD. I differ with him in opinion with regard to his remedy; but many men, and men of sound understanding and great integrity, do not differ with him; the subject is, at any rate, one of the greatest national importance; and yet his treatment has been such on the part of the Ministry and their supporters, that I cannot justly describe it, without the use of epithets and terms, such as I do not like to make use of

when applied to persons, for many of whom I ought to have great respect notwithstanding their conduct in this case. Mr. ATTWOOD's proposition is, *one-pound notes* and *legal tender*; and he has manfully persevered in his proposition, in spite of laughings, hootings, and every other means of reducing him to silence. And, now, at this very moment; in so few days after these laughings and hootings, it is a question with the whole of the community, whether we be, or be not, to have one-pound notes and legal tender. Why, if this should be the case, how will Lord ALTHORP, Mr. POULETT THOMSON, and their supporters, ever be able again to look Mr. ATTWOOD in the face? There are some who can *look any body in the face*; blest with an outside of brass and an inside of emptiness, can look any thing, or any body, under any circumstances, in the face; but, I should like to see the two that I have named standing opposite Mr. ATTWOOD, and proposing a bill of indemnity to themselves for having done the very thing which they and their supporters had so often loaded him, not only with ridicule, not only with contempt, but almost with *dishonesty*, for proposing; for, let it be recollected, that my Lord ALTHORP said that, "as an *honest man* he could not listen "to the proposition of Mr. ATTWOOD "and his brother." I should like to see them standing before Mr. ATTWOOD and proposing such a bill of indemnity. To men of sense and of feeling it would be *punishment*; it would be suffering; it would be agony; but severe as these might be, they would not be beyond the deserts of the parties. The good nature of Mr. ATTWOOD would obliterate the past; but there would be *others* not quite so good-natured. And this scene must come; or wheat at four-and-six-pence a bushel; and universal ruin and confusion in agriculture must be the consequence. As to your supporters in the House of Commons, they would think nothing, and ought to think nothing, of approving of the one-pound notes and legal tender; they are not bound to hard cash by their past laughings and hootings; and, though nothing

could destroy the private character, the character for good intentions, the character of undoubted desire to promote the good of the country; though nothing could take this character from Lord ALTHORP, one-pound notes and legal tender would utterly destroy his character as a statesman: his *opinions* in future would pass as things of little worth; property always seeks *safety*; and seeing this, it would no longer confide in him; and it is confidence in him, and that confidence *alone*, which sustains the shattered and shaken concern which you have left behind you. Let him but propose a bill of indemnity for one-pound notes and legal tender, created by Order in Council; and all that purity of motive, all that anxiety for the welfare of the people, all that good temper and sound understanding, for which I, one of his opponents, give him full credit, vanishes at once into air; and down comes tumbling the miserable Ministry that you have left behind you, to be remembered only for its mischiefs, and as a shocking spectacle of the effects of "*the spirit of the age*."

In dismissing you for ever, I have to observe, first, that when there appeared to me a probability of your being called into power, in 1822, I addressed a letter to you, and warned you of your fate, if you did not follow my advice. Below I publish this letter again, to show that you have fallen because you did not follow my advice, and particularly because you were associated with that very man against whom I warned you, and who has now swamped you, and who is sure to swamp any body, or any thing, that places himself, or itself, at the mercy of his frantic imagination, and under the control of his all-stunning "*jaw*." Second, and lastly, I have to observe, and I trust that it will be remembered by the nation, that you resigned your office because the Irish Coercion Bill was made softer than you wished it to be; and that your very last act was, your unqualified approbation of the Poor-Law Bill. Go, then, with the recollection of these upon your head; go, and whenever your name is mentioned, let the people recall these things

to mind; you will say that you had a right to want a harsher Coercion Bill for Ireland; that you had a right to praise your Poor-Law Bill; true, and I have a right to hate you for it, and to rejoice that you no longer have power; and thus ends my address to you, forming so striking a contrast with the addresses which you have received from the fools of NEWCASTLE and the fools of MORPETH.

WM. COBBETT.

TO EARL GREY,

On the Remedy for the Evils that now afflict the Kingdom.

Kensington, 8. Jan., 1822.

MY LORD,—Let me, before I, for the last time, urge your lordship to come forward for the salvation of the country, once more shortly state what is now the situation of the country, and show how strongly that situation resembles that of France just previous to the Revolution.

The fact is not denied by any one, that taxation, be its amount what it may, lessens, in proportion to that amount, the enjoyments of a people. This, and almost in these very words, is acknowledged in the Report of the Agricultural Committee. This nation is now taxed to a degree almost beyond endurance; for, as I said in 1814, and had said in "Paper against Gold," to pay in cash was to double or triple the taxes. The tax on a pound of candles, for instance, is now, when the labourer's wages are reduced to 8s. a week, just as much in nominal amount as it was when his wages were 12s. a week. But threepence taken out of 8s. is more than threepence taken out of 12s. In short, it is clear, that Peel's Bill has, by reducing prices one half in general, and, in some cases, a great deal more, doubled or tripled the taxes; so that these are now become absolutely intolerable. "Nous demandons à grands cris," said the French people in their eloquent Cahiers, "We ask, we cry aloud;" and for what? Why, for a reduction of those taxes, those heavy and galling imposts

that were producing amongst them famine and distraction.

It is *the debt* which is the cause of this dreadful scourge. It demands thirty millions of hard money a year to pay the *bare interest*, and it is made the excuse for raising about ten or twelve millions more for "sinking fund" and other like purposes. Then, to collect these sums amidst the sufferings that the collection of them occasions, demands a standing army in time of peace. This army is made the ground for a staff quite enormous, and for barracks and other establishments equally enormous. These again add to the weight of taxation. So that it is *the debt*, that work of the Whigs of the glorious Revolution, swelled up by an endeavour to compel the Americans to submit to taxation without representation, and brought to its present hideous size by the war against the people of France to force back on them the Bourbons, and to crush those who were endeavouring to obtain a reform of Parliament in England. It is the *debt* here, as it was the debt in France! The French revolution was a *financial affair*. I remember, that the late Mr. GARLICK, who was then at the court at the Hague, wrote to me, in 1791, in somewhat these words: "The revolution was a thing of necessity. The Government could not have gone on another month. It was like a spider, twisted up in his own web." I, who had then been a soldier for about seven years, thought it very strange that a Government that had an army could not go on! I have since discovered how this is; and the practical proof is now, or very shortly will be, before me.

The old French Government did not possess the power to lighten the burdens of the people. It was compelled to call for the assistance of the people themselves. I beg your lordship to remember this; for the same call must, in some shape or other, take place here. The old French Government called upon the people too late in the first place; then in the next place, it did not act in a fair and frank manner with the people; thirdly, it endeavoured to maintain all

the greatest abuses in full vigour ; and fourthly, it was in want of what we have, the *forms* of freedom and of representation. There was, when they came to act, nothing short of a *new Government* that would do in France ; while we with similar, precisely similar difficulties, stand in need of nothing but such a change as shall make the House of Commons the real representatives of the people at large ; but to be that they must be *chosen by the people at large*.

Without a reduction, and a large reduction too, of the interest of the debt, it is in vain to talk of a *remedy*. The follies of *Webb Hall* are now become subjects of ridicule amongst all classes of men. There are few that remain unsatisfied of the truth, that there must be a complete *revolution in property*, unless the operations of the debt be stopped. We already see four, if not five, noblemen's estates in the hands of one single family of "loyal" loan-jobbers, whose father would have brushed, and perhaps, *did* brush, Lord Shelburne's coat ! And good God ! the nobility of this country, while they haughtily and scornfully cast from them a supplicating people, who cannot be their rivals, take to their bosoms, hug, cherish and pamper a race of reptile loan-jobbers, stock-jobbers and Jews, who are actually at this moment pocketing their rents, by the means of which they will purchase from them the land and the parchments !

My Lord ASHBURNHAM, who presided the other day at a meeting at Battle in Sussex, who is said to be a very good landlord and an excellent man in private life, and whose conduct upon the occasion here alluded to was remarkable for candour and for mildness, very feelingly observed, that, in whatever degree the farmers were suffering, he could assure them, that they *did not suffer more than he did*. Why, my lord, what a thing is this to hear from a nobleman of large landed estate, prudent in the management of his affairs and squandering in nothing ! What a thing to hear from such a person ; and when we know too, that this is only a specimen of what exists in every part of the kingdom !

Several years ago (in 1816) I wrote, in sport, some lines now literally true :

Of paper-coin how vast the pow'r !
It breaks or makes us in an hour.
And thus, perhaps, a beggar's shirt,
When finely ground and clear'd of dirt ;
Then re-compress'd by hand or hopper,
And printed on by sheet of copper,
May raise *ten beggars to renown*,
And tumble *fifty nobles down*.

In 1803, when the vapouring Addington was putting forth his schemes of "*solid finance*," I said that if the debt were not *arrested in its progress*, the *nobility and the church must finally fall*; for that their long existence was wholly incompatible with the existence of that debt. The unprincipled SHERIDAN, who, for some vile purpose or other, was at that time giving his support to Addington, *denounced* me, in the House of Commons, as a man aiming at the destruction of *public credit*, and did his best to mark me out for public resentment and to render my writings a subject of *criticism* with that great master of style, the *Attorney-General*. I lived to see that profligate politician descend to a disgraceful grave ; and I shall live to see fully verified the opinion for the stating of which he would have had me sacrificed ; for who is there, my lord, that does not *now* see that the ancient nobility and the church *must fall*, unless the debt be, by some means or other, nearly, if not quite, put an end to ?

The nobility, by which I mean the ancient families of the kingdom, whether peers or not, suffered Pitt to create a *new race* of statesmen. The Roses, the Longs, the Addingtons, the Ryders, the Castlereaghs, the Cannings, the Scotts, the Percevals, the Jenkinsons, the Laws, the Dundasses, and many others. These have had the *active powers* in their hands. Out of their system have arisen the Barings, the Smiths, the Peels, the Curtises, the Luke Whites, the Alexanders, the Ricardos, and thousands of that description. The ancient families, in all times lethargic, have been content with the protection, the *ease* and *safety*, which the new race of statesmen promised them. But at last they begin to find (and I would fain hope that they will not have made the

discovery too late), that it is not *ease* and *safety* that have been the result of their confiding the nation's affairs to the new race of statesmen. These have been pretty "*vigorous*" gentlemen. They have been very able in *keeping down reformers*. They have discovered great ingenuity in prescribing the price and bulk of pamphlets, and in taking means to prevent the crime of making "*breakfast powder*" out of wheat and rye. They have never been backward to make provision for preventing the landowners from losing their hares and pheasants; but for the soul of them they cannot find out the means of preventing them from losing their estates! They have talked very fluently about *property* being the basis of legislative power; about the "*designing demagogues*" who, "*bankrupt in character and fortune*," wanted to get at the property of the rich; about the "*sacredness*" of *property* they have spoken volumes; how to prevent the hedge-stakes, the nuts and the haws, from being stolen, they have well understood; but as to *the estate itself*, to preserve that to the owner makes, it seems, no part of their province! And, my lord, if this be done at all, be you assured, that it will be a work in which the "*designing demagogues*" will have a great deal to do.

Let no landowner flatter himself that the thing admits of *mitigation*. Mr. GIPPS said, at the Canterbury meeting, the other day, that the landlords as well as farmers must *make sacrifices*; from which it would appear that he supposed that the thing would not go *beyond a certain point*. With the *farmer* it will not, for the farmer is only a higher sort of labourer; but with the landlord, no matter how large his possessions, there can be no stop, no pause, as long as the debt exist in any thing like its present amount. He must *lose all* in a very few years. The whole will be absorbed by the labourers, the paupers (whose allowances are in fact now so much of wages), by the army, by pensioners, placemen, and fundholders. The landlords is now living out of the *losses* of the farmer; but the present race of farmers will *soon be gone*; and the next race will

have *nothing to lose*! There will be, for there can be, *no rents*. The tax-gatherer will take the whole of that which ought to be rent; and this is, and long has been, as clear to my sight as is the paper that I am now writing on.

There is then no means of *saving* the landlords but by getting rid of a great part, and a very great part, of the debt. And is this to be done without admitting the people to a due share in the choosing of members of their *own house*? Is this to be done with nine-tenths of the people forbidden to meet to petition their "*representatives*"? Is this to be done without harmony and cordiality between the great mass of the people and the ancient families? Is this to be done while the people are smarting under the endless wrongs, indignities, insults and scoffs heaped upon them by the upstarts who have been supported by those ancient families?

Will a *change of Ministry*, my lord, enable the landholders to get rid of this burden and this danger? What can another Ministry do more than this can do? That it could do no more is *felt* by the whole nation; and this is the cause of the universal apathy as to this point. Every man of every party and opinion as to other matters is of opinion, that a change of Ministry could do no good. As to the great question immediately before us, it is not forgotten that Peel's Bill really was the work of "*the Whigs*"; that the scheme originated with a now dead *Scotch Reviewer*, who had been thrust into Parliament by a peer of your party, and whose praise for this very scheme is to this day a theme with which both parties insult the good sense of the nation; that the cash-payment scheme, *unaccompanied with any other measure*, was pressed upon the Ministers by your party; and in short, that the immediate cause of the present distress was more the work of their hands than of those of the Ministers. Besides, my lord, what a mass of odiousness does your party contain! What a flock of gowned and wigged vultures, whom even to think of as connected with *power* is sufficient to make us startle with affright! One of

these, an apostate from sound principle, a soft-spoken, servile, silky slave, who, with humanity on his lips, and with a heart full of malignity, had the infamy, during the season of Six Acts, to describe me, plainly as if by name, as a person fit for *banishment or transportation*, while he had the meanness to extol to the skies other writers, whose turtle-soup and rich wines were warming his worthless carcass and inspiring his hypocritical tongue. Another, the restless and all-grasping ambition of whose mind is well portrayed in every feature of his agitated, anxious, angry countenance, spoke of me during the same season of Six Acts, as conducting *the worst part of the bad part of the press*. A third, whose whole soul is absorbed in the greediness of gain, one that will be accuser here, defender there, of the same identical act, who will bully or crawl, lie or *weep*, for gold, went, during the same season of Six Acts, out of his way, stopt in the middle of his pursuit, in order to make the insolent assertion that I was a *contemptible scribbler*, though I had never mentioned his name in the whole course of my life. I state these things merely as instances of the hatefulness of your party; for to your party these men *belong*; and we are not so weak as not clearly to perceive that they are mere *curs*, let loose upon us by the ancient families. We know well whence they derive the means of insulting us with impunity; and it is impossible for us not to shudder at the thought of any event that should make an augmentation to those means.

What could the nation expect, my lord, from a Ministry of which such men should make a part? Do we now complain of severe treatment; do we complain of restraints on our liberties; do we complain of any thing that is harsh; what is there, what has there ever been, of this description, which these men have not been, in effect, the principal agents in producing, having never failed to use their vile tongues for the purpose of blackening the actions and the character of the persons principally aimed at in those deeds of severity,

and by means of such blackening to give the appearance of *necessity* to the very measures of which the detestable hypocrites affected to disapprove? These men, iron-hearted by nature, hardened by habit, fearless because indemnified beforehand, eager to show themselves worthy of being intrusted with the execution of deeds of injustice and cruelty, seem to have relieved their mock opponents of the trouble of being foul-mouthed and brutal. And is it from men like these, my lord, that the nation would have to look for *relief*? Dunderheaded too withal. Blundering at every turn. Never starting any thing not either odiously wicked or consummately ridiculous, meddling in every thing, and damning all they touch. And are these the men to restore prosperity and peace to a ruined, a broken up and distracted nation!

Besides these, there is a numerous band in the *north*, ready to start at a moment's warning to come and join in sucking the last drop of blood from the fainting people. This band are, too, committed, as far as words can commit such people, to maintain *the very contrary* of that which is now absolutely necessary to save the landowner and to quiet the nation! In the honour of your lordship, on your honesty, your zeal, and your talents, the whole nation would rely. But, it cannot, and it will not, rely on those by whom you are surrounded. Therefore, there is no hope without a *reform of the people's House of Parliament*. Without this the thing must *go on*, and every estate, not occupied by, and affording food for, the owner, must pass away to a new possessor.

As to the *sort of reform*, I have already troubled your lordship with more than enough. But, if I go *too far*, why not stop short of me? If it were true, that some of us asked for *too much*, would that be a reason for giving us *nothing*? If time press (and I confess it does) why, my lord, not break up a hundred of the boroughs, and give their members to the great towns, on the universal suffrage plan? This, which would be giving only a *third* of the

Commons House to the people at large, might satisfy them until time were found to consider the matter more maturely. Why not have a reformed House sitting in *April next*? And why not have the debt reduced, and the devil set at defiance by June? As to what I am told some *lords* say about a House chosen by the people, *packing the other House about their business*; and, when it passed tax-laws, would make *none but the rich pay taxes*, and would thus *take away their estates*: as to these, my lord, they are merely *feigned fears*; they are manifestly excuses hatched for the purpose of justifying flagrant wrong upon the plea of *necessity*. These lords know well, that the legislatures in America do not rob the rich by *partial taxation*; they know that it was never done even by the *sans-culottes* of France; they know, in short, that it is monstrous to suppose such a thing. But, *these* persons also know, that it is their intention not to yield an inch; but to hold on, to hang on to the last to the principles of *Canning* and *Davies Giddy*.

However, pray, my lord, I beseech you to look at the *absurdity* of feigning fears like these under circumstances like the present! Grant, though it is contrary to all reason and to all experience, that a House of Commons chosen by the people would lay the taxes upon the great proprietors exclusively. What then? Their estates, or rather, their incomes, would be reduced down to a certain fixed amount. But, if the present thing go on, they *must lose the whole of their incomes in a very short time*; so that even that which they pretend to fear, would, if it were really to take place in consequence of a reform of the Parliament, be an improvement in their circumstances: they would then have *something*; nay, they would still be the *richest* of the community; whereas they will now be the poorest; they will now be left with nothing; for, I mean to say distinctly, that, if the present thing go on unchecked for only a very few years, every landed estate, the owner of which receives *nothing out of the taxes*, will pass into new hands, and that the present owners (unless they

fill the land and live on it) will become literally beggars or paupers; and, with perfect seriousness I declare, that I should not be at all surprised to see many a man with a title go into the *poor-house*; for, let it be observed, they get feebler and feebler every day from the same cause which daily and hourly adds strength to their devourers. I once employed a French count to *bind volumes of the Register for me*, and a very good bookbinder he was. This *Register* has seen strange changes in the world; but, unless the ancient families speedily call the people to their aid, my sincere opinion is, that the *Register* has yet to see and record changes still stranger, and, both in themselves and in their consequences, far more important than any that it has hitherto seen.

If the persons, *most interested* in the correctness, or incorrectness, of these forebodings, had not, for so many years, shut their eyes to truth, they could not have been in their present situation. However, "there is nothing new under the sun"; the old nobility of all countries have, at different periods, been led along in this way by *active and greedy upstarts*, who have uniformly taught them, that their security was to be found only in distrust and rigorous treatment of the people; the people, who can never be their rivals, who are necessary to their subsistence, and who, if only decently treated, are always against changes of every sort. But, in addition to the ordinary workings of upstarts, we have now a band of paper-formed gentry, who snatch away the lands with a "*presto! change!*"

We have now not to wait long to see the event. If some *efficient* measure be not adopted during the ensuing session of Parliament, it is, in my opinion, more than probable, that a later period will be *too late*; not only too late to save the estates of the ancient families from the transfer; but too late also to prevent that very *convulsion*, which has all along been the bugbear held up to frighten those whose utter ruin seems now to be inevitable, if the present course be persevered in for any length of time.

Once more, therefore, at the end of precisely (for it is this very day) *twenty years* of unavailing calling on the nobility; once more I call on them to *conciliate the people, and to appeal to them* for protection against the "all-devouring monster." This is the sure and easy way of putting an end to all the turmoil and peril that now exist. In this way all would be justly, quietly, and happily settled. The people, full of satisfaction and good humour, would cheerfully make sacrifices beyond what any generous mind could expect. Always attached to things long established, they would once more be proud of what a long series of harsh and scornful treatment has made them at once hate and despise. The fabric of falsehood and fraud and all the extortions of its inventors would instantly disappear, and England would be again the seat of industry, of freedom, of that confidence between man and man, and of that abundance in good things, that frankness, that unostentatious hospitality, for which she was in former days justly famed, but of all which she has been bereft by a band of lawyers converted into statesmen, and bringing in their train a band of loan-jobbers, stock-jobbers, Jews, and makers of paper-money, that root of all evil that debaser, that corrupter of mankind, that scourge and curse of a people from generation to generation. The proposition of the saucy and viperous PERCEVAL to establish a fortress in Hyde Park, to cover *thirty acres of ground*, to contain quarters for ten thousand foot, five thousand horse, and a train of artillery, for the *openly avowed purpose of keeping the metropolis in awe*; this is only a specimen of what we have had to put up with for the whole of the thirty years last past. Little did those, who so readily gave their assent to such things, imagine that the consequences were *finally to fall on themselves*? On them they have now, however, fallen and are falling with weight insupportable. May they be admonished by what they have already felt, and seek in the revived friendship of the people that security for them-

selves, which I am satisfied they will find in no other source,

If a contrary line of conduct were to be pursued; if a refusal of reform were to be still persisted in; if to their deadly and natural foes, the loan-jobbing race, the ancient families were to persist in adding a mass of foes of their own creating, a true picture of *all* the consequences I forbear to draw. But, let it be observed, that, if the thing could go on to *the class of the transfer of estates*, the turmoil would not *there end*. The same work of transfer must *still be going on*; the same agitation, the same distress, the same pauperism; the same evils of every description, until the nation, debauched and brutalized, insensibly alike to honour and to shame, would be the sport of its hostile neighbours and the scorn of the world. To this length, however, the thing could not and cannot go. The native vigour of the nation, the mass of intelligence and of talent it possesses, that love of country which is a passion in the bosom of Englishmen, the recollection become so galling, of the deeds of their forefathers, would, long before the thing arrived at this point, rouse them to action, and in some fit of convulsive energy, all the degrading shackles would be snapped in sunder and scattered to the winds.

That anything which I have said, even with the present experience and the manifest appalling prospect to back me, will have any effect on the main part of those who are most deeply interested in the matter, is a great deal more than past experience will permit me to hope; but, at any rate, when the tremendous catastrophe shall come, here will be this one additional proof of my anxious desire to prevent it.

I am, my Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient

And most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.

COBBETT-CORN.

*Tillingham, near Maldon,
Essex, 27. Aug., 1834.*

SIR,—I have this season planted a piece of your corn, the first ever seen in this part of the country: I send you two ears which are about an average sample, the crop is considered very fine, and greatly admired, but I stand in need of your advice upon one point, *which is not mentioned in your book*: it is to know whether the corn, which is now ripe, might not be cut, stalks and ears together, and tied into small sheaves, and stacked the same as beans, and then stacked on a frame and left till next spring for seed; in fact, harvested as beans are harvested, and secured the same.

If you could spare a moment to notice this subject in the *Register*, which I have taken and read with great pleasure and satisfaction for many years, it might be of use to others as well as to me, and I should feel greatly obliged.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ROBERT WILLES.

Mr. Wm. Cobbett, M. P.

P.S. The corn was bought at your shop, planted on the 10. of April, and the ears here sent cut on the 22. of August, which is considered early ripening. You will please to make any use of this paper you may think proper, and also the name and place of abode.

ANSWER.

No: you cannot *stack* it in any way without its becoming mouldy. You cannot get the juice out of the *stalk*, do what you will. Nor can you get the juice out of the cob without long drying in the air. In short, your crop, if of considerable amount, is spoiled, if you do not follow my book in all its parts; and the *new edition* of the book, too; because that was the result of the most ample experience.

WM. COBBETT.

THE CROPS.

Maidenhead, 10. Sept. 1834.

ALL the way across, from Normandy to this pretty and clean town, which is in Berkshire, the crops of grass and turnips are very fine: finer than I ever saw them in my life. Over this whole stretch of country, the land is very *light*, and a great part of it exceedingly *poor*; but, even on these miserable lands, where, to break up and cultivate is really an invasion of the rights of the grasshoppers, the efts, and the lapwings (black plovers, or pewits). The grass and turnips are good. The *grain crops* have been large and excellent; and the *apples* every where abundant, and unusually large. The *grapes* (in the *quantity* of which Surrey, I verily believe, surpasses Champagne) are now nearly ripe in many places; and the crops are prodigious. At one house, in the parish of Farnham, there are, against the dwelling-house, against the hop-kilns, and against other buildings appertaining to the farm, grapes I should think which will weigh *half-a-ton*; many of the bunches will weigh from 3 to 5 or 6 pounds. Looking, yesterday morning, up one side of my farm-house, seeing it covered with fine grapes, and seeing the ground below, up to the wall itself, covered with Cobbett-corn, the stalks loaded with ears and nearly ripe; thus looking and seeing, and turning round and seeing Wanborough farm-house, at only a mile from me, I said to myself, What but the *devil*, or *female infatuation*, could have induced Birkbeck to traverse the seas, and after them the wild mountains of America in search of *rich land*! The *latter cause* is the greatest demolisher of men's sense; Satan may be overcome, and the party assailed left at large, but for the latter there is no remedy short of a razor, a rope, a mill-pool, a madhouse, or *almost starvation*.

Birmingham, 10. Sept., 1834.

THE turnips and grass have been equally fine all the way along, except on some of the thin soil in Oxfordshire, where there is never any grass, and where, I suppose, the turnips are never good.

This is a year of *real plenty*. The hops at Farnham (and, I suppose, in the other hop counties) exceed all that I ever saw before, both in quantity and quality. This town and its environs are always delightful to all those who are fit to live; that is to say, to those who admire the most beautiful scenery accompanied with the most fertile lands; for those who are insensible to these are mere lumps of flesh and skin and bone, not coming within the confines of humanity. In my rambles over this world, and always with my eyes open, I, seeing so many spots to admire, and to thank God for having made, had almost forgotten the spot first trodden by my then little feet. But now, being planked down, for the rest of my life, within 6 miles of that spot, and having frequent occasions to go thither, and to view it in all its bearings, I am convinced, that it is the very finest spot that God, in his goodness, ever made. ARTHUR YOUNG, after making an agricultural survey of England, decided that the space from Farnham to Alton was the finest and richest *ten miles* in England. He must have begun eastward at *Bourne Mill*; else it is only *nine miles*; and then I join with him in opinion; for here is every thing: coppices, trees, corn-fields, meadows, hop-gardens, orchards, gardens, flowers, neat houses covered with grape-vines, a people (though they do go to bed a little too late) well fed, well dressed, and able at work.

At all seasons beautiful, this spot is peculiarly so at this time: the peach and cherry orchards of Long Island, the fields of lofty corn of Pennsylvania; these are very beautiful; but nothing to be compared with hop-gardens in a year like this, when the hops (on poles from 14 to 20 feet high) of a whitish yellow, are hanging down amongst fresh and deep green leaves, those leaves varying in their dimensions, and the hops distributed amongst them in a manner to exhibit both to the greatest possible advantage. This sight sweeps the Long Island orchards and Pennsylvania corn-fields from one's mind; and, as to vineyards, they are at even a little dis-

tance, mere masses of green stuff tied to hedge-stakes.

There is, too, an association of ideas here, which, though of a more vulgar character, by no means tends to lessen the pleasure derived from this sight; namely, the *value of the crop*, which will this year be, on an average, in this parish, not less, I should think, than 150*l.* the statute acre. They say, that there will be 30 *hundred weight* on an acre in some particular gardens! This circumstance adds greatly to the pleasure of those who view the above-described scene; except, indeed, in the minds of such persons as those who, when reckoning the gains of the hop-planters, wish to have them in their own pockets; and to such persons I do not address myself. To wish for another man's strength, agility, or talents, is excusable; but to wish to have his *money* is the sure mark of a dirty soul.

Birmingham, 11. Sept.

This people must certainly be dead, or bed-ridden; for it is a quarter past five and not a living creature can I see, or hear, except "*the boots*" of this "*Hen and Chickens inn*," who, upon my asking him what was become of all the swarms of people, exclaimed, "*Why, sir, it is but just past five!*" "Well," said I, "but have you any *law* here, any '*reformed municipal*,' or Bour-
"bon-police code, emanating from '*the spirit of the age*,' that shuts people
"up in their houses in this manner?" He did not understand me, and went away about his business. "A boots" is, in one of these inns, what a goose is in a farm-yard, *always awake*, and always beginning to move as soon as any one else (no matter who or what) is on the stir. This is the only fault in my town's people of Farnham, all of whom I find a-bed, if I go thither at the time that I best like to go. They are not lazy, but they *go to bed too late*. What I have been writing here, the reader may say, is of no use; but, be that as it may, I am to go to a farm in the neighbourhood at nine o'clock; I have to get my breakfast and to do some other busi-

ness before I go to the farm; and if I had not gone to bed in good time I could not have written this. I hope it is not necessary for me to tell my readers, that, if I had taken the too common dose of *brandy and water*, going to bed early would have been of no use.

NEWS FOR THE BULL-FROGS.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6. Sept. 1834.

SIR,—The two last market days here for the sale of corn were on Tuesday and to-day, on which days the price of wheat was *lower than was ever remembered*, namely, from 9s. to 9s. 6d. per Newcastle boll (of two Winchester bushels) for wheat of the first quality, weighing about 60 lbs. per bushel; inferior qualities were as low as 7s. per Newcastle boll. These facts I deem of sufficient importance to make you acquainted with them; they are ruinous to the farmer as their farms are taken, and I am afraid their landlords either will not, or cannot make such an allowance as to enable them to pay their way.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. CAIL.

To Mr. Wm. Cobbett, M. P.

WHAT NEXT?

WHO CAN TELL!!!

(From the Times, 11 Sept.)

THE return of the exportation of the precious metals for the last week from this port, which is annexed, presents one entirely novel feature—namely, that of an exportation of gold to India having taken place. Such an occurrence has not happened for 12 or 13 years, though persons conversant with the monetary transactions between the two countries have for some months past been led to anticipate such a result. The first indication which fell under their notice was a cessation of the supply from thence, which was followed by a rise in the exchange, and a notice from the East India Company of a

higher rate for the rupee, in sterling value, for bills drawn on India. Much speculation is exercised on the probable consequence of this change, and it is generally anticipated that having begun, it must go on to a considerable extent, and prove a new drain on the Bank, just relieved from the demand in the United States, at least equal to it in extent. At present the amount exported, as will be seen, is very trifling. With respect to Portugal, if, as was constantly believed yesterday, the supply of last week was the whole wanted for putting the circulation of that country into a healthy state, it must be allowed to be a very considerable one, the total value not being less than 160,000*l.* The agents appear, therefore, not to have been seriously embarrassed by the difficulties thrown in their way at the Bank of England. A report is current in the city—by the way, almost too idle to deserve any serious mention,—that these difficulties originated in the jealousy of the directors of the Bank of England at seeing a country like Portugal, under the management of the Bank of Lisbon, with the prospect of establishing a purer currency than their own, though semi-barbarous in financial matters, and but just emerged from the horrors of a civil war. The following are the exportations:—

Gold to India	1,365 ounces.
Ditto to New York ..	9,271
Ditto to Hamburgh..	590
Ditto to Mauritius ..	500
Ditto to Lisbon	34,000

Total..... 45,726

Value about £182,000

Silver to Hamburgh	3,400
Ditto to Lisbon	96,560
Ditto to Constantinople	4,822
Ditto to Cadiz	40,000
Ditto to Van Dieman's	
Land	2,000

Total..... 146,782

Value about £36,000

Together £218,000

PAPER-MONEY.

(From the Newcastle Press.)

The present state of money matters has amongst other marvels, produced an effect amongst the Scotch banks, which to those who remember how loudly this "Scotch system" has been lauded and be-praised, is not a little ludicrous. This Scotch system is neither more nor less than this: these banks advance money to traders not only upon such bills or available securities, as the traders may have to pledge, or discount, but also upon a system of what they have dubbed "cash credits," which cash credit consists in a man's getting one or more of his neighbours to be securities, conjointly with himself, for such advance as the banker may make to him beyond a certain point—after which his own security is not deemed sufficient. The consequences of this system are twofold, 1. That by this means the banker may, with tolerable safety, push his circulation further than he otherwise could have done, inasmuch, as in case of any difficulty with his principal, he has recourse to the collateral securities, and thus often gets paid in full, whilst the other creditors of the parties, get little or nothing. 2nd. That where this system is prevalent in a community, the whole body becomes *banker-ridden* to a degree of slavishness, hardly possible to be conceived by those who have not actually witnessed it. Never was there a system of more complete tyranny: and to say any thing that may displease any man, woman, child, dog, or cat, in any way connected with "a bank," is a piece of rashness, no Scotchman ever ventures upon, proverbially hot-headed as he is. This is the secret of Scotch banks having no runs upon them. To doubt the stability of a Scotch bank is to be excommunicated in Scotland; and, when under extreme circumstances, a run has taken place, it has never been for coin. The suspected establishment has always, whilst it paid at all, paid in the notes of some other bank, and thus coin is a thing almost unknown north of the Tweed; and to ask for gold at a banker's counter, in payment of one of

his own notes, is to do as it were some forbidden thing. We shall never forget the description of an English friend of ours of the "Sir," with which he was greeted upon his asking for "payment" of a parcel of the notes of one of the Scotch banks—the power of this bank-ocracy was perhaps most amusingly exemplified on the occasion of the extinction of one-pound notes in England. Many of the English banks were sufficiently averse to the scheme, but their opposition was powerless. Lack a day! In Scotland the one-pound "notes" almost raised a third rebellion; never was nation so unanimous. One would have thought that all Scotland, land, people, and all, hung upon these "notes"; and that the whole country would fall down in a fit if they were withdrawn. It was in vain to tell them that gold and silver to the amount of the notes withdrawn would of necessity circulate; and that whether it were paper or not paper, their currency must assimilate to that of England. Not a word would they hear, the loss of the small notes would "cripple" the "accommodation" power of the banks, though with the same breath they boasted that so rich were these banks that they had "twenty millions" in the funds. Sir Walter Scott, who at that time was over head and ears in accommodation paper, led the van: and coin was effectually "banished from Scotland," where the "one-pound notes" circulate in full glory to this day.

In this state of matters the doings of President Jackson have made a sad disruption. Gold is now at a premium in the United States, and though no resident Scotchman dared for his ears go and demand a sovereign of a banker. This was not the case with an American captain of a packet, or with the emigrants, about to sail with him with the wise resolve of leaving the English "debt" and "taxes" behind them. The consequence is, that at Glasgow, and even at Edinburgh, the people's hair is all on end at seeing an actual demand for the King's coin; and the "notts" are getting "so fond of home," that the issuers

are invoking "legal tenders" or any thing that will preserve them from this unusual gold mania, so foreign to their habits. Upon the back of all this the *Times* has let out that the *Legal Tender Bill* has been so clumsily got up as not to include the five-pound note country circulation. Bank of England paper can, it seems, only be tendered in payment of sums "above five pounds," so that any one having a parcel of five-pound country notes has only to present them one by one to get gold for them! It is important that this should be generally known both by bankers and their customers, as the bulk of the paper circulation consists of notes for five pounds. The *Times* quotes the clause of the Act which is quite conclusive of the facts.

In London the money market remains nearly as it was last week. Exchequer bills are however lower, the premium being 35 to 37 shillings only.

The next publication of bank assets, &c. ought to be due about this time we think, we look for it with some curiosity and some anxiety. In the meantime the price of wheat we suspect is beginning to feel the effect of President Jackson's operations. We wish no harm to the landlords, but we do wish harm and great harm too, to the system. Let the landlords once revolt, and that system is destroyed; the measures of Jackson are adding immensely to the chances of that revolt: we, therefore, pray for success to the President and his excellent adherents, and we urge them to go on without pause until no bank-note under one hundred dollars circulate in the United States, these only being issued by separate, distinct, and independent States banks. It will be such a retribution as Providence has seldom inflicted if the English boroughmongers' system be at last destroyed by its own paper-money, and the acts of American republicans. Gracious God! what ought not the world to give for such a lesson!

T. D.

POOR-LAWS.

LETTER VI.

I saw the rulers of the land,
In chariots, bright with gold,
Roll on; I gazed, my babes and I,
In hunger and in cold.

I saw a prelate, sleek and proud,
Drawn by four chargers, pass,
Ah! how unlike to Jesus meek
Who rode upon an ass.

A trinket of a lord came by,
Deck'd in his rich array,
And waiv'd me off, my babes and I,
As things of coarser clay.

There followed close a hideous throng
Of pert and pensioned things:
Muck-worms, for whom our flesh and blood
Must furnish gilded wings.

I will not tell you what I thought;
Nor for my burning looks
Find words; but they were stronger far,
Than aught that's writ in books.

I'll set my right foot to a stone,
Against a rock my back;
Thus stretch my arms, and sternly say,
"Give me my birthright back."

CHAUNTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Dunfermline, 31. Aug., 1834.

POOR MAN'S FRIEND,—Malthus says, "Leave them to the punishment of nature": and to this we answer, we have no objections to be so left, but first, "give us our birthright back." Give us our share, our equal proportion of the lands on which we were born: give us full reward for our labour; and allow us to retain all the goods we produce; and we ask no provision by poor-laws: if, with all the powers and the means which nature so kindly confers, we neglect or abuse these, by all means leave us to her punishment. But if the gifts of nature are wrested from us; if the land which God made for and gave to us all, is monopolized by the descendants and assignees of a few Norman robbers, or of the Robin Hoods or Rob Roys, with their Little Johns and Dougal Creturs of barbarous times: if a large proportion of the fruits of our labour is absorbed by idle pensioners, sinecurists, fundholders, rag-money-makers, useless and much worse than useless officers, soldiers, seamen, and if in consequence of ignorant and wicked

legislation in which we have no share, with low wages and little employment, we have not even the means of comfortable living in youth, health, and full employment; how unjust, how cruel, how monstrous, how insulting, how audacious is it in the idle, high-fed, voluptuous villains to talk of leaving us who keep them, of leaving us, in age, sickness, or want of employment, *not* (brutes!) "to the punishment of nature," but to the neglect, contempt, and scorn of the very men whom we have supported!

The *mathematical* politicians of the Bentham and *Westminster Review* school teach, that the object of society and government is, "the greatest happiness to the greatest number": whereas, it ought to be, *the greatest happiness to each, and to all*. The New Zealanders, as Mr. Rogers has so neatly observed, act on the Benthamite philosophy; when the greater number eat up the smaller number: and the Westminster rump have persuaded our legislators to apply their own narrow and fallacious principle to the institution of poor-laws. "The greatest misery, (say they in effect), to the fewer in number (the paupers), in order that the greater number may have the greater enjoyment." And, thus babble the mathematical economists, "It is good that one class (as the hand-loom weavers) be sacrificed to the interests of other classes." But, in working their political problems, is it right to exclude, as they do, the essential element of justice? And, what is "happiness"? Does it consist solely in wealth? Are social peace and sympathy nothing? Has God made us *brutes*, that we could enjoy, while we knew that our "happiness" necessarily involved the misery of others? Or, even on selfish principles, is the gratification of cupidity a sufficient compensation for the loss of security? Can the property of the rich be secure in the midst of a starving and irritated population? And *would not security be purchased at a cheaper price by a poor-rate, than by an army and police tax?* These and other political problems are not solvable by rule, compass, and pencil; nor

to be illustrated by circles, squares, and triangles: such questions are not to be answered by learned feelosofers, aristocratic toad-eaters, and Jew-clerks; but by the common sense, reason, and experience of thinking, sensible, practical men; and such men are not to be found in universities, club-houses, or even in knowledge-diffusing societies; but must be sought for in farm-houses, factories, and work-shops.

Had any thing been wanting, sir, to convince the people that a ten-pounders' Parliament will not do, this Poor-Law Bill must be more than sufficient for that purpose. Its having passed into a law shows, that the legislature has no just sense of the rights of property, nor sympathy with the people: should its provisions not be carried into effect, the members of both Houses must appear as "incapables": should they be enforced, a total revolution in property and government must be the consequence.

To mitigate, in this case, the horrors of a temporary anarchy, if it be impossible altogether to prevent it, and to ensure the establishment of a better system, it is of the utmost importance that the people, the *working people*, who must be the arbiters of the nation's fate, should be fully informed; and have their minds steadily fixed on the first principle of social organization: this I beg leave to repeat is, *The greatest happiness to each, and to all*. And, it follows as a necessary deduction, and as the first principle of government, that *the rights of electing representatives, and of being elected as such, belong to each and to all*.

If I could admit any principle of exclusion, it would be the exclusion of the rich; of those who may have the power to oppress: landlords, bankers, fundholders, and great merchants and manufacturers: and, if *rent* could be admitted as a test of qualification or exclusion, I might recommend the exclusion of all renters above ten pounds from the elective franchise; and the exclusion from Parliament of any proprietor above the value of three hundred pounds of yearly income. To exclude from the constituency and the representation, the greater number; nay, an immense ma-

jority of the national community; and to commit the entire management of the national concerns to an oligarchy, consisting of a mere fraction, how preposterous, how absurd, how monstrous!

The great body of the working people now feel, that they are plundered and enslaved by the idle: a "rural war" is horrible to think of; and trades' unions can effect but little; let the workies therefore direct their attention to one object, and concentrate all their energies for its attainment—a *full representation of the whole people in Parliament*. When this is obtained, and not sooner, we shall have poor-laws, and all other laws, in accordance with the principles of reason and justice.

Poor man's friend,

I am,

Your friend and servant,

THO. MORRISON, sen.

Mr. W. Cobbett, M.P.

P. S. "The Lord Chancellor visits the "Duchess, Countess of Sutherland, at "Dunvobin Castle, and *has expressed a "strong desire to witness the improve- "ments effected in Sutherland."*—*Inverness Courier*. Mark that! Had we his Lordship where we had the honour of Mr. Cobbett's company, what daggers to his soul we would speak!

POOR-LAW ACT AND LEGAL TENDER.

LORD BROUGHAM in his speech at Inverness prognosticates that the practical reforms carried in the next session will be fewer than in the last. The fulfilment of this prediction depends altogether upon circumstances. Man is not always the subject of indolence and apathy: his Creator has endowed him with passions; and in free countries public spirit now and then becomes the master passion. Judging from the last session, we might pronounce the prospect of practical reform small indeed; but we fall back on what was our consolation in worse times:

Fond, impious man! Think'st thou yon impious cloud

Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden floods And warms the nations with redoubled sway.

LORD BROUGHAM may rest satisfied that the time will undoubtedly come when the representatives of the ten-pounders will not drivel. The exact time it would be absurd to attempt to fix; but there are elements at work which may make it nearer at hand than the upholder of all the great abuses of the State may choose to imagine. The Poor-Law Bill, if executed according to the intention of the legislature, will be one of those elements; and another will be the act making the Bank of England notes a legal tender.

The English papers are beginning to give us some information about the state of the paper-money; and the land-owners are beginning to announce that they will not receive from their tenants, in payment of rents or other accounts, any local or joint-stock bank-notes.

The quantity of bills of exchange has very largely increased; and discounts are effected with remarkable facility. It is stated that very great quantities of joint-stock bank-notes, dated at small paltry towns all over the country, are forced into circulation in Lancashire, a large portion of which are believed to be issued in the discount of bills of exchange, or in the making of advances on current accounts, with which sagacious private bankers would consider it expedient to decline having any thing to do; and in the West Riding of Yorkshire the case is incomparably worse. There the undue facility of credit, and the quantity of paper in circulation, are stated greatly to exceed the extent at the disastrous period of 1825.

It is supposed to be in consequence of this state of things that the Bank of England have raised the rate of discount to 4 per cent. generally, with an additional commission when the discount is given to any country bank. That the general rate of discount is more than 4 per cent. is evident from the fact that the bill brokers are allowing 4 per cent. upon deposits. Notwithstanding these

coincidences with the circumstances of 1825, we do not consider it certain that the commercial convulsion will take place in the course of the present year. The measures of the Bank of England may have the effect of checking the evil before it has properly come to a head; and this is the more probable, inasmuch as the English bankers can scarcely have fairly availed themselves as yet of the license to issue notes without being bound to pay them in gold.

Perhaps the next session of Parliament in place of being taken up with practical reform, may be occupied almost exclusively in attempting to rectify the dreadful blunders of the last two sessions.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

MORE GAB.

BROUGHAM AT INVERNESS.

THE Lord Chancellor arrived in Inverness about half-past four o'clock on Wednesday last. The magistrates, a large number of the inhabitants, and the trades' incorporations, with their banners displayed, were waiting to receive him. The Highlanders received his lordship with similar cheering to that with which they hailed Prince CHARLES STEWART, the Pretender, and of course with the same discrimination.

Shortly after five o'clock, Lord BROUGHAM entered the Northern Meeting Rooms, accompanied by the magistrates, for the purpose of being presented with the freedom of the town. An immense concourse of persons were present, who received the Chancellor with loud cheers. After the Provost read the address which had been got up for the occasion, his lordship was presented with a burgess's ticket, conferring on him the freedom of the burgh.

"Lord BROUGHAM then presented himself to the meeting, and was loudly cheered. He was conscious that it was not owing to any personal merits that he had received this mark of distinction at their hands. First of all, he owed it to the circumstance that he had the honour of serving a monarch who lives in the hearts of his subjects. He had

enjoyed the honour of serving that prince four years, and during that time he had experienced from his Majesty only one series of gracious condescension, confidence and favour. To find that he lived in the hearts of his loyal subjects in the ancient and important capital of the Highlands, as it had afforded him (Lord BROUGHAM) only pure and unmixed satisfaction, would, he was confident, be so received by his Majesty, when he (Lord BROUGHAM) told him, as he would do by that night's post (cheers) of the gratifying circumstance. 'Gentlemen,' added his lordship, 'it was not always so in this part of his Majesty's dominions; but the people have other things now to do than consider whether this family or that family should rule over them; they are quite content to live under one family in peace and freedom. (Great cheering). If I have any personal claim to the honour you have done me it must arise from my having taken part in certain great public questions within the last quarter of a century. I allude to negro emancipation, to the abolition of the detestable traffic in slaves, to Reform in Parliament and in our municipalities, and to that without which all other reforms are of no avail, the education of the people. (Cheers). To those questions I have been a zealous friend, and I will continue the same so long as life is preserved to me. In doing so I meet with nothing but support, kindness, and assistance, from the worthy and powerful part of the community; from others I meet with nothing but revilings, misrepresentation, and calumny. I cannot say that these have any effect on me, for in truth I regard them with perfect indifference. The people now think for themselves, and will not take opinions from others, be they priests, peers, or printers; at the same time reverencing their priests, honouring their peers, and taking every opportunity—and God knows they cannot go to a better source—of deriving information from the liberty of the press and the fullest and most unrestrained discussion.' (Loud cheers). His lordship then adverted to the topics touched upon in the address

read by the Provost, in all of which he heartily concurred. One of the first measures of next Session will be the improvement of the municipal corporations of England, for Scotland is much superior in this respect to the sister country. Government will go on improving, but they will not make one step till they are sure of the ground on which they made the former. They will not legislate rashly or unadvisedly. I have heard, but with entire indifference, all the arguments brought forward against us. One set accuse us of doing too much, and another of doing nothing. I believe they are honest in the bulk, both one and the other. One set say we move too slowly, that is safely; the other as pertinaciously contend that we are going too fast. One set, from honest prejudices, are against all improvements, because they are satisfied with things as they are, and believe they cannot be made better. I respect them, but differ from them. Another set think we never do any thing. You open the trade to China and you abolish slavery, (which were the work of one session), and yet we are told that session did nothing. *My own opinion is that we have done too much rather than too little*, though it was necessary to do justice, and lay the foundations of future good government. Less was necessarily done last session than the former, because if you open the trade to China one year, you do not want to open it the next. If you set the slaves free in 1833, there are no slaves to liberate in 1834. If you reform the Court of Chancery in one session of Parliament, the same task is not left to the succeeding session. Yet we have done something lately. We have made some useful reforms in the law, and above all, we have carried reformation into a system which you in Scotland are happily free from; a system mischievous in itself, and still more mischievously administered; I allude to the poor-laws. If Government had done nothing else in ten years it would have deserved well of the country. *If we have done little last session, I fear we shall do less in the next.* But what we do will be done well, because it will be done carefully; it will be useful in doing—it will be wearable, and not done in a heap, ill adapted and useless, if not worse. These are my opinions, gentlemen. I shall go on in the same manner, regardless of the calumnies with which I may be assailed.' His lordship concluded amidst loud cheers by again thanking the magistrates and those present for the honour conferred on him."

The above is taken from the *Glasgow Chronicle* of the 8. inst., on which occasion the editor of that journal makes the following observations.

"It will be observed from the above proceedings that Lord BROUGHAM eagerly embraced the occasion of being presented with the freedom of Inverness to make such allusions to his public conduct as show how keenly he has smarted under the dreadful punishment which his political tergiversation has called forth from the independent press. The poor fallen creature cannot conceal the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart. He declares himself the victim of 'revilings, misrepresentation, and calumny,' and alliteratively announces the sources of his sorrows as 'priests, peers, and printers,' all of whom, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he affects thoroughly to despise, and of course receives castigation from such a quarter with 'perfect indifference.' We are sure that the best public instructor has no animosity against him. The best public instructor finds it necessary to expose his defection from the cause of liberty and policy, in order that the people may be put on their guard against his bad measures. It will be seen from the report that Lord VAUX urged chiefly as the practical reforms of the reform administration, the opening of the trade to China, and the buying from the West India Planters their right in the bones and sinews and souls of their black fellow creatures. No merit can be claimed on the score of the China trade; inasmuch as the Duke of WELLINGTON, some months before he quitted office, had intimated his intention to effect the same measure; and the throwing away of twenty mil-

lions sterling ('a few useless millions') in the name of compensation to the planters, after Lord VAUX had all his life argued that free labour was cheaper than slave labour, would not have been the topic of boast to any man who cared a straw for consistent principle. As parents are generally fondest of their weakest children, so his lordship especially commends the execrable, detestable bill for abridging the comforts of the English poor; and seriously says that if Government had done nothing else in ten years than pass this monstrous bill, it would have 'deserved well of the country.' The storm that will be raised by the English labourers whenever the provisions of this monstrous measure are carried into effect, will show how far its authors have 'deserved well of the country.' His lordship expressed his high satisfaction at finding that there were no Jacobites in the metropolis of the Highlands, and considered it of so much importance that he stated he would write that night by post to his Majesty to inform him of the gratifying circumstance. What contemptible charlatanerie! Lord BROUGHAM, writhing under the infliction of the press, has often been compared to Sir Fretful Plagiary; and this Inverness exhibition comes as closely as possible up to Sheridan's fancy."

Dangle. Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer—Egad, Mr. Puff's your man.

Sir F. Pshaw! sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

Dangle. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you have not fretted at what Mr. Sneer—

Sir F. Zounds! no, Mr. Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

Dangle. Nay, I only thought—

Sir F. And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damn'd affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful.

Sir F. Gadslife! Mr. Sneer, you are

as absurd as Dangle; how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damn'd nonsense you have been repeating to me! And let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen; and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms; and I shall treat it with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt; and so your servant.

SWAMPING OF LORD GREY.

THE reformers of Edinburgh are not the men we conceive them to be if they give more than a civil reception to the Conservative burgess of Inverness. They will say to him in the words of Scott's Highland heroine, "What are you that have the tongue and the habit of the hound, and yet seek to lie down with the deer?" The mere courtesies of hospitality they cannot be expected to withhold even from an undesired guest, but any thing more will be a sanction of the backward policy avowed at Inverness, and treason to the cause of justice and improvement. Lord Brougham will appear before the Edinburgh reformers branded with his declaration, that too much rather than too little has been done, and that less than the little of the last sterile session is to be expected in the next. Why what parsimony of justice can he propose? What scheme can he have in view for making the little less? To what pauper allowance does he design subjecting the mighty millions of the United Kingdoms, craving the redress of grievances and the correction of abuses? Has he a plan like that of the wiseacre in the old Greek story, who diminished his horse's meal from day to day, in the hope of teaching him to live without food, which rational expectation was disappointed by the death of the starved beast? But the Chancellor makes a worse beginning than the above experimentalist; for, commencing with granting nothing, he promises to do less. The Poor-Law, the Old Bailey Extension,

and the Beer Bill, are the three graces of the past session. With these we had our halcyon days it seems. Fining away from these proportions, "small by degrees and beautifully less," to what are the Ministerial boons of Lord Brougham to come? Reform, like *Echo in Ovid*, is to be attenuated till it disappears. It is to be put on pauper allowance, and made to feel the irksomeness of the support it receives at the hands of such Ministers as the Chancellor. This, forsooth, is a cheering prospect, and the people of Edinburgh will know what gratitude is due to the worthy who opens it to them. We are not without hopes that they will invite their guest to explain both how he proposes to do less than the little in the last session for the public contentment (as hair-splitting must have its limits), and also in what sense he asserted that too much had been done.

Has too much been done to relieve the Dissenters from their grievances in respect of registration and church-rates?

Has too much been done for the reform of the church?

Has too much been done for the abolition of impressment and the scourge?

Has too much been done for the purification of the Pension List?

Has too much been done for the repeal of the Septennial Act, and the prevention of corrupt practices in elections?

Has too much been done for the abolition of the injurious corn monopoly?

Surely the friends of Lord Brougham at Edinburgh should ask him whether his words have not been misreported, and whether, instead of "we have done too much," the public should not read, "*I have done too much.*" The question may be the more easily answered at a dinner, at which Earl Grey will be present, for the ex-Premier is a ready example of the excess of the Chancellor's meddling. If Lord Grey be candid we are certain that he will plainly declare that Lord Brougham has "done too much," and that by "doing too much" he has procured for him (Earl Grey) the retirement from political life which his friends deplore.

At public dinners a song after toasts is customary, and should the name of Lord Brougham be proposed, we would suggest after it the little nursery song,

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

The parody will not be difficult—for example, it may run thus:—

"Who killed Earl Grey?

"I, said Lord Brougham,

"To be Chief in his room,

"I killed Lord Grey."

We admire the modesty of Lord Althorp in keeping away from the Grey entertainment; and there is something very appropriate in his preferring to it the turf society of Doncaster, in which the jockeyship is doubtless learnt of which he has given so very dexterous an example.

The scene at Edinburgh will be curious enough without the presence of Lord Althorp, and the eyes of all the reformers of Great Britain and Ireland will be upon their brethren of the northern metropolis. They will not forget their principles for the smiles of a man high in station, and holding the temptations of patronage. — *Times*, 12. Sept. 1834.

WORKING OF THE POOR-LAW BILL.

We thought the Poor-Law Commissioners were busy in filing bills of discovery against the overseers of every parish in the kingdom, insisting upon knowing into how little of flannel petticoat, or coarse plush, a full-sized pauper may be squeezed, and the smallest price at which folks who are ingenious, and who have not the fear of coroner's inquests before their eyes, will contract for the risk of keeping extreme hunger in workhouses and absolute starvation out of them. We were mistaken: they, or one of them, or some of their hangers-on, have found time to abuse us in an evening print because we showed how the industrious rate-payers at Lewes were to be visited with the cost of maintaining the bastards of idle profligates, and how a woman at Greenwich with four children was to taste by spoonfuls the bitterness of starvation

upon 4s. a week: and further, because we called the attention of our readers to a case reported under the head of "Thames Police-office," which case related how the slender pittance of 2s. or 1s. 6d. a week had been totally withdrawn from three poor widows.

These were doubtless heinous sins of ours. But we are hardened in this iniquity. We cannot for the life of us see any thing to chuckle and rub our hands at in the appearance of a naked and hungry poor: and so far from considering that there is aught very pleasing in the wan visage and the shrunken limbs of a starving and houseless fellow creature, we have bad taste and sentimentality enough to think the sight positively disagreeable. No doubt these are weaknesses — unquestionably we have no *philosophy*,—and we dare say that we shall utterly shock this hireling scribe when we tell him, that we lack nerve enough to make cold the widow's hearth, and that we have no ear for the music that his employers find in the cries of famished or half-fed children. —*Times*.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. —About two months ago the manager of a branch of the Bank of England made it his humble request to a country banker that he would supply him with 3,000*l.* in gold, with which the latter immediately complied. A little while after, the country banker having occasion for some gold, applied in turn to the manager of the branch bank; but the answer he received was, that he could have no gold unless he was willing to pay 1-3 per cent. premium for it. It is by such devices that the country bankers are tricked out of their gold, and which gold is then sent up to London to enable the Bank of England to make a splash in its periodical returns. —*Times*.

TO MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL friends have written, stating their difficulty to obtain books (as they say) of the COBBETT LIBRARY. This

difficulty ought not to exist; hence, this notice, which would not have been necessary, had they known that, for a long time has been kept, and is still continued to be kept, a general assortment by Mr. HEYWOOD, 81, OLDHAM-STREET, of that *brave and spirited town* MANCHESTER.

From the LONDON GAZETTE,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1834.

INSOLVENTS.

CANFOR, C., Cottage Grove, New Peckham, Surrey, builder.
PROSSER, W. and W., Pitfield-street, Hoxton, linen-draper.

BANKRUPTS.

ANDREWS, J., Threadneedle-street, stock-broker.
ATTREE, W. O., Newbury, Berkshire, draper.
BENSON, G., Liverpool, innkeeper.
BONNAFFE, F., St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, merchant.
INGRAM, C., Salisbury, currier.
SHADRAKE, T. jun., Commercial-road, and Salmon's-lane, coal-merchant.
WALKER, S., Gospel Oak, Staffordshire, iron-master.
WINN, C., Birmingham, blank-tray-maker.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

ALLAN, R. and A. Wright, Edinburgh, bankers.
THOMPSON, W., Kinross, writer.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.

VINEY, J., Crouch-end, Hornsey, carpenter.

BANKRUPTS.

ADDY, J., Sheffield, table-knife-manufacturer.
CUTTON, J. E., St. Pancras, near Chichester, coach-maker.
GALLAWAY, J., Bronti-place, East-street, Walworth, cheesemonger.
HOUSE, W., Bridgewater, Somersetshire, wine-merchant.
LAW, E., Lower Thames-street, and Stoke Newington-road, West Hackney, salt-merchant.
M'GREGOR, J., Clayton-vale, Lancashire, calico-printer.
RICH, W. H., Joiners'-hall-buildings, wine-merchant.
ROWLAND, G., Plymouth, innkeeper.
SARTAIN, T., Holt, Wiltshire, cattle-salesman.

TANNER, J., Reading, Berkshire, silk-throwster.

TRONSON, R., Liverpool, merchant.

WATSON, J., Milton-terrace, Southwark-bridge-road, baker.

WATSON, W., Great Easby, Cumberland, cattle-dealer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATION.

HARVEY, T., jun, Glasgow, merchant.

LONDON MARKETS.

MARK-LANE, CORN-EXCHANGE, Sept. 8.—The supplies of Wheat from the home counties, particularly from Kent, have been more moderate than any week since the harvest. Many of the fresh samples of new Corn this morning proved inferior in quality, and out of condition. The finer descriptions, however, only met with a slow sale at the rates of last Monday, while all other descriptions were difficult of disposal even had lower terms been accepted, and at the close of the market only a very limited clearance had been effected. The inquiry for bonded Wheat being generally at prices below the currency, have led to little actual business.

The supplies of old Barley continue very limited, which meet sale at the previous prices. There were several samples of new Barley at market, which again exhibited much disparity of quality; the stained and steely parcels brought from 30s. to 32s., and the Malting and Chevalier from 35s. to 38s.; at the latter price, the Chevalier was a bright and fine sample.

Malt remained heavy sale, and the season is not sufficiently advanced for maltsters to commence working.

Oats have been throughout the week as well as this morning in very moderate supply. The trade, however, though not animated, was firm; good fresh corn being worth freely the rates of last Monday. With the exception of a partial inquiry for Oats to export, the article meets little or no speculative attention.

New Beans were dull sale, and rather lower. Old qualities sustained no alteration.

White Peas in limited demand, and Gray and Maple, though saleable, barely supported last Monday's rates.

The Flour trade remained dull, and ship Flour, being in short supply, underwent no further depreciation in value.

During the past week the principal exports have consisted of 1,181 quarters of Wheat to Lisbon, and 1,000 quarters of Oats to the Mauritius.

Wheat, Essex, Kent, and Suffolk	46s. to 48s.
— White	50s. to 54s.
— Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire	40s. to 46s.
— White, ditto	42s. to 52s.
— West Country red	40s. to 46s.
— White, ditto	46s. to 50s.
— Northumberland and Berwickshire red	40s. to 44s.

— White, ditto	40s. to 46s.
— Moray, Angus, and Rothshire red	38s. to 42s.
— White, ditto	40s. to 50s.
— Irish red	36s. to 40s.
— White, ditto	40s. to 44s.
Barley, Malting	32s. to 36s.
— Chevalier	40s. to 42s.
— Distilling	30s. to 33s.
— Grinding	28s. to 31s.
Malt, new	—s. to —s.
— Norfolk, pale	52s. to 60s.
— Ware	58s. to 64s.
Peas, Hog and Gray	34s. to 40s.
— Maple	38s. to 42s.
— White Boilers	36s. to 44s.
Beans, Small	36s. to 40s.
— Harrow	34s. to 37s.
— Tick	32s. to 35s.
Oats, English Feed	22s. to 24s.
— Short, small	22s. to 25s.
— Poland	22s. to 25s.
— Scotch, common	23s. to 25s.
— — Potato	25s. to 27s.
— — Berwick	24s. to 26s.
— Irish, Galway, &c.	21s. to 23s.
— — Potato	23s. to 24s.
— — Black	22s. to 23s.
Bran, per 16 bushels	11s. to 12s.
Flour, per sack	43s. to 45s.

PROVISIONS.

Butter, Dorset	40s. to —s. per cwt.
— Cambridge	40s. to —s.
— York	38s. to —s.
Cheese, Dble. Gloucester	48s. to 68s.
— Single ditto	44s. to 48s.
— Cheshire	54s. to 74s.
— Derby	50s. to 60s.
Hams, Westmoreland	50s. to 60s.
— Cumberland	46s. to 56s.

SMITHFIELD, September 8.

This day's supply of Beasts, Sheep and Calves was moderately good; its supply of Lambs and Porkers rather limited. Trade was, owing perhaps to advanced prices being pretty generally and stiffly demanded, throughout very dull. With the prime small Beef at an advance of from 2d. to in some few instances, 4d. per stone; with the larger and inferior kinds of Beef, as also with Mutton, Lamb, Veal, and Pork, at Friday's quotations.

A full moiety of the beasts appeared to consist of about equal numbers of Short-horns, and Herefords: and the remainder of about equal numbers of Devons, Scots, Welsh runts, and Irish beasts, with perhaps a 100 Towns-end Cows, a few Sussex beasts, Staffords, &c.

At least three-fifths of the Sheep were New Leicesters, of the South Down and white-faced crosses, in the proportion of about three of the former to five of the latter; about a fifth South Downs, and the remaining fifth

about equal numbers of Kents, Kentish half-breeds, horned and polled Norfolks, and old Leicesters, with a few pens of old Lincolns, horned Dorsets, and Somersets, horned and polled Scotch and Welsh Sheep, &c.

About a moiety of the Lambs—the whole of which were supposed not to exceed 4,000, were new Leicesters of different crosses; about a fourth South Downs, and the remainder Dorsets, with a few pens of Somersets, Kentish half-breeds, &c.

About 2,400 of the beasts, a full moiety of which were Short-horns and Herefords, the remainder about equal numbers of Devons, Welsh runts, and Irish beasts, with a few Scots, were from Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and others of our northern districts: about 200, chiefly Scots, with a few Norfolk home-breeds, Devons, and runts, from Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire; about 140, chiefly Devons, runts, and Herefords, with a few Irish beasts, from our western and midland districts; about 30, chiefly Devons and runts, with a few Sussex and Irish beasts, from Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, and most of the remainder, including the Towns-end Cows, from the marshes, &c. near London.

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TO MRS. EWING, 40, GEORGE-STREET, FEMALE AGENT FOR GLASGOW.

MADAM,—The great opposition your cause is meeting with, and the heroic firmness with which Mr. Moat is withstanding all his antagonists at every quarter, is at present attracting public attention; but as your cause is good, being founded on truth, you must prevail. I am not in the least degree prejudiced in favour either of the one party or the other; I paid all the doctors I applied to, as I did you also for the Pills. I am no agent, nor in any way interested, farther than feeling grateful for the singular benefit which had been derived from your medicines in my family, when every other means had been tried and proved useless; and for the information and benefit of others in distress, I now add another open attestation, to confirm the many already given, proving the superior quality of Morison's medicines. In a former letter to you, bearing date May 28, 1833, I stated the extraordinary case and cure of my daughter, Jane Gardner, a child then seven years of age, who had been given up as incurable by many of the most famed medical gentlemen both in town and country. When under your treatment, she took no less than forty-four pills each day for four weeks regularly, then lowered the doses, and dropped the medicines, as formerly stated, being perfectly recovered. I need only now say, in reference to her, that she is still in perfect health, and using no medicine. But another child of mine, two years of age, was lately seized with meazles, and was very ill, we gave her the Pills alone, four each day, and she recovered. The same child was afterwards affected with scarlet fever, and swelling over the whole body; again we applied to the Pills only, increasing and lowering the doses as the case required, and I am happy to inform you that she is perfectly recovered. Morison's medicines are, and shall be, our family physician, being firmly persuaded that if they do not cure in any case, or under any circumstances, nothing else will. We have had no pre-

scribers but yourself—Mr. Moat himself never called—and it has been solely under your superintendence that the cases now and formerly stated have been cured by the Universal Medicines. Your kind attention shall have a lasting claim on our gratitude, as your medicines and cheering visits have been evidently followed with the Divine blessing on all occasions in my family. Permit me now to inquire, Why is your good cause meeting with such great opposition? If the doctors can do any good, they are at liberty to go on and prosper as long as they can; but if Hygeists do more real good, why should they be prevented from ameliorating the sufferings of those whom the doctors pronounce incurable? I conclude, with wishing you abundant success and victory over your enemies.

I remain, yours most respectfully,
JOHN GARDNER.

*Furnishing-shop, 427, Gallowgate,
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Printed by William Cobbett, Johnson's-court; and published by him, at 11, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.